

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, L.L.D.—Part the Third, SCANDINAVIA, Section the First. London 1819. 4to. pp. 763.

Dr. Clarke's character as a traveller is too generally known and esteemed to require any remarks or praises from us. Sometimes warped by prejudices, and, in a few instances, precipitate in judgment, his descriptions are, upon the whole, minutely faithful; and from his well-stored mind the intelligence treasured upon other matters is brought to bear upon and elucidate the objects presented to his observation, as he journeys along. If he occasionally repeats things sufficiently known before, we are at least certain, in return, that he suffers nothing worthy of being noticed to escape him. Thus, in new regions he is delightful, and even in those more frequently traversed, agreeable and instructive. The accomplishments of the scholar throw an air of novelty even over familiar subjects; and when he apprizes us (as in this volume) that a Danish well, in which the water bucket is raised by means of a long lever on a fulcrum, is "ancient teutonic," &c. common also to Albania and Athens, "as if it had followed the same meridian of longitude, from the North Cape to Cape Matapan in the Morea," we seem to forget that there are plenty of such wells about Hammer-smith and Battersea, and that they are by no means great curiosities. It is true that this sort of information may be sometimes misplaced, and is calculated to swell even ordinary travels, over territories little interesting, into prodigiously thick quartos, divided into perennial *Parts and Sections*; but Dr. Clarke has performed his task so well, that though we should be sorry to see his example followed, we should be equally sorry if he had not set it.

At present we have little intention to do more than avail ourselves of the opportunity which our quickly-succeeding publication affords us of being first in the literary field to make known the appearance of important works, and gather their fruits for the enjoyment of our friends.

This volume is the major portion of the third part into which the Author has

been pleased to divide his Travels; which part relates entirely to *Scandinavia*: i.e. "all those Countries lying to the north of the Baltic Sea, which the ancients comprehend under the name of Baltia; that is to say, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Lapland; but also all Finland, to the utmost extremity of the Finland Gulf.

In a preface the Author alludes to the forests which cover the North of Europe, and to its thin population, contending that it never was the populous hive represented in ancient histories, the *vagina Nationum*, whence multitudes of Goths were derived to overrun the rest of this quarter of the globe. He treats this notion as altogether chimerical, and does not seem even to acknowledge that if not by numbers, at least by enterprise and valour, these northern tribes visited other countries, and produced mighty effects in their several destinies. It is not, however, a question into which we can enter at large; and we rather proceed to give an account of these travels, confining ourselves, at this time, to the first three chapters, which relate to

### DENMARK.

Dr. Clarke visited Denmark so long ago as 1799, and beginning at the beginning of his journey, detains us a little at Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk, and at Yarmouth in Norfolk, where he finds the cars are ancient Roman. He offers a geological view of England before he leaves it, and without encountering any memorable accident, arrives at Heligoland, of which an old map is given to shew that the island is being gradually swallowed up by the sea. The route up the Elbe, and by Hamburgh, Lubeck, Eutin, &c. to Copenhagen, is too common to afford much original matter; nor is that from Copenhagen to Gothenburg more fertile in novelty. We shall, therefore, only say that such was the track of our traveller, as far as our critique accompanies him, and subjoin a few miscellaneous extracts, as illustrative of his manner.

**STORKS.**—After leaving Schoenberg, we observed upon the tops of several cottages, situate near to the road, the large nests of the *Storks*,\* made of sticks, and looking

\* In 1817, a pair of Storks built their nest by the Great Square of Haarlem, on the house where Koster was born, and where he first exercised the art of making types and printing.

each like a large fagot. This is considered, by the inhabitants, as a tutelary omen. Happy is the man on whose dwelling the *Stork* hath built her nest. They suffer these nests to remain throughout the year, and will on no account whatsoever allow them to be destroyed, if they can preserve them. Accordingly, "*The Stork in the Heaven knoweth her appointed times*," (Jeremiah viii. 7.) returning annually to the same nest, and quitting it when her young ones are able to fly. Considering the great care which is shewn in the preservation of these birds, it is extraordinary that they do not multiply, so as to become a nuisance; but they are never numerous. The reverence in which they are held is the more remarkable, because the same bird was had in abomination, as being unclean, among the Israelites, and whoever even touched their bodies became polluted. By a proper attention paid to these vestiges of ancient superstition, we are sometimes enabled to refer a whole people to their original ancestors with as much, if not with more certainty, than by observations made upon their language; because the superstition is engrafted upon the stock, but the language is liable to change. However, in this instance, no inference can be deduced of a characteristic distinction between the descendants of *Shem* and the posterity of *Japhet*; because the same superstitious reverence of the *Stork* is also entertained by the *Moors* in Africa;† and the veneration wherein the ancient Egyptians held the *Ibis* was of the same nature.

**CONCERT OF FROGS IN HOLSTEIN.**—To a person coming at once from England, the appearance is new and strange; but that which offered the greatest novelty to our party, was the loud and incessant chorus of myriads of frogs, the whole way from Lubeck to Eutin. To call it croaking, would convey a very erroneous idea of it, because it is really harmonious; and we gave to these reptiles the name of *Holstein Nightingales*. Those who have not heard it, would hardly believe it to be possible for any number of frogs to produce such a powerful and predominating clamour. The effect of it, however, is certainly not unpleasant; especially after sunset, when all the rest of animated nature is silent, and seems to be at rest. The noise of any one of them singly, as we sometimes heard it near the road, was, as usual, disagreeable, and might be compared to the loudest quacking of a duck; but when, as it generally happened, tens of thousands, nay millions, sang together, it

† In Fez, a richly endowed Lunatic Hospital is maintained out of funds originally bequeathed by pious testators, for the purpose of "*Assisting and nursing sick cranes and storks, and of burying them when dead*!"—Ali Bey's Travels.

was a choral vibration, varied only by cadences of sound, something like those produced upon musical glasses; and it accorded with the uniformity which twilight cast over the woods and waters.

Had Pope heard these choristers he would never have written the line

"All discord harmony not understood;"

since Dr. C. and his friends understood very well the discord of these frogs, which in fact do seem to croak in high German in Holstein; quite differently from the low Dutch of their brethren musicians in Holland. Passing through Slagéslu, the English party arrived at Roschild, where they halted to visit the cathedral and the stately

#### CEMETERY OF THE KINGS OF DENMARK.

—As soon as we entered this building, we were surprised by the novelty and splendour of the appearance exhibited by the regal coffins. Instead of being concealed in tombs, they stand open to view, in chambers or chapels, separated from the spectator only by an iron palisade; and as they are very magnificent, being covered with rich embossments of silver and gold, and the most costly chase-work, the effect is very striking. They seem intended to lie in state, so long as the Danish monarchy shall endure. There are, however, other coffins which are equally magnificent, within the sepulchres of this cathedral.

Dr. C. speaks rather disparagingly of the Danish national character. Copenhagen seems to him to be what London was a hundred years before, in amusements, dress, manners, and general state of society.

In literature, neither zeal nor industry is wanted: but, compared with the rest of Europe, the Danes are always behind in the progress of science. This is the case also with the Fine Arts; and to their collections for a Museum, whether of Antiquities, or of Natural History, or of works in mechanism, or of other curiosities; being always characterized by frivolity,\* if not by ignorance.

The Danish mineralogists, it is said, attach much, too much value to *transitions* or specimens which shew the *passage* of one mineral into another: in a cabinet of shells, however, belonging to one Spengler, some great rarities were found.

One shell, not exceeding an inch in length, was pointed out as being worth fifty pounds sterling. Its value appeared to consist in a *lusus naturæ*; the spiral volute turning to the left, instead of to the right. Another shell, the *pulla achatina* of Lin-

\* Mr. Wolff, the northern traveller, went with the Professor of Antiquities (Thorkelin,) to visit a Virtuoso, who had formed a singular collection of *Keys* of every description; from that of St. Peter, down to the most diminutive Venetian padlock.

næus, about the size of a large pear, had been stolen from a part of the East Indies; where it is said to be so highly valued, that its exportation has been prohibited, under pain of death; possibly owing to some superstitious reverence attached to it. The only duplicate of this kind of shell, known in Europe, exists in a collection at the Hague.

A most beautiful "crystallization of mesotype, in acicular prisms, about two inches in length; each of which was as diaphanous as the finest rock crystal," also adorned this collection, as it might well adorn the first cabinet of minerals in the world.

Copenhagen is poor in paintings, but possesses one splendid Salvator Rosa—the preaching of Jonah to the Ninevites, a historical picture comprising sixteen figures, as large as life, and admirable for the chiaro-scuro, grouping, and expression.

In the chambers of Natural History, (says Dr. C.) we saw nothing worth notice except the minerals; but these were in a wretched state of confusion; ill arranged, and badly preserved. In a corner of the room there stood a mass of *native silver*, near six feet long, and, in one part of it, above eighteen inches in diameter: we noticed also a magnificent piece of amber, that had been found in Jutland, nearly thirty pounds in weight; also a valuable groupe of emeralds in their matrix; ores of gold and silver in abundance; works executed in amber; and among what are commonly called petrifications, a most extraordinary mineralization of an infant in its mother's womb. The other curiosities consisted of stuffed animals, &c.

Among the antiquities were many golden horns and other vessels, connected with the ancient history of the country, and covered with hieroglyphics exactly resembling those of Egypt; which the learned Author refers to Titan-Celts, anterior to the era at which Gothic and Grecian Colonies found their way to Europe.

Passing into Sweden, whither we shall attend him in a future Number of the Literary Gazette, we have now nothing further to add, but that the ornaments of this capacious volume are numerous and prettily executed.

THE BANQUET: in three Cantos. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 144.

We are almost afraid to confess the sort of reluctance with which our folder cuts open the virgin sheets of the many poems which seek our critical report. Few of them merit honest praise; and yet we have seen such prodigies from poor beginnings, that it is an ungrateful task to tell the truth of these earlier

efforts of the Muse. It is this feeling, and not that we grudge the fatigue and lassitude of many dull hours which the perusal of works of mediocrity costs us, which loads our table with an array of poetical criticism at which we dare hardly look with the hope of surmounting to the satisfaction of the writers, our readers, or ourselves.

We took a glance at THE BANQUET *inter alia*, under the prepossessions which we have acknowledged—"Aye, this is another of the fashionable productions of the day; a poem with notes: there is no poem without notes now to explain it—of old there was no poem with notes except such as were so exceedingly abstruse as to be unintelligible without prose illustrations." But for critical purposes it was necessary to begin at the beginning. The preface—"there is a dry humour in this, *after all*" (our readers know that the *pre-face* is always written last)—we smiled, felt a little tickled, and in the end absolutely laughed. So encouraged, we sat down to the poem, and being much amused with it, sat down again to recommend it to those who do us the honour to attach any value to our judgment in such matters.

There is no art in composition more difficult than the art of trifling agreeably; and to keep up the *light ball* of humour through a poem of considerable length, without proving it very heavy, requires more exuberance of fancy and sustentation of power than may at first sight be imagined. Gravity on the one side and silliness on the other, are the Scylla and Charybdis of the bard. If he steer clear of common place and puerility, he is in danger of running on the opposite rock of dullness; and dullness is never so dull as when, after a long and fruitless chase, it comes in at the death of pseudo wit and humour. To be any thing better than failure, or beyond a brief bagatelle, a production of this class must display a masculine understanding sporting with its subject, a distaffed Hercules among the maids of Omphale, and a gaiety of mind not constituting the essence of the design, but throwing a charm over thoughts of original or classic beauty. This is, we conceive, the great merit of The Banquet. It exhibits much information, solid sense, and general reading; and the whole is leavened with a playfulness which very rarely descends below par even in its most slipshod moments. The diction is flowing, and there is often an antithesis in the language which stands in good stead both for force and humour.

The poem is founded on the Gastro-

nomia of Berchoux, which our French contemporaries have certainly received as a work calculated to improve the *taste* of the country.

Of the difficulty of the undertaking (says the author, between jest and earnest) I am fully sensible; of the practicability of it I am well convinced; of the accomplishment—thou, my dear reader, or my severe reader, my *fair* reader, or my *unfair* reader, imperatively and irrevocably, though I trust not rashly or uncandidly, wilt decide.

I shall not detain thee with a *long* account of the incredibly *short* time that has been employed on this production, the astonishing difficulties that have been encountered, the thousand avocations that were soliciting me during the whole period of its composition, and the total seclusion in which I have been in a distant province, remote from literary acquaintance, either of living authors whose works are dying every day, or dead writers, whose works live for ever.—All this, and much more I spare thee. Thou art at my mercy now, though in a minute I shall be at thine, and I only wait a generous return of the compassion of which I give thee such a noble example.

— — — — — Æquum est.

Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

Hor. Sat.

We will also spare the reader further preface, and come to the poem, which in Canto I. dilates upon the repasts of the ancients, with quantum sufficit of learning aptly applied; and in Cantos II. and III. describes modern luxury in all its courses, as the feast is spread before the luxurious liver of the present age.

The invocation is worthy of the theme:—

Descend, *Calliope*, from *Cæta* haste,  
And sing (delightful task!) the man of taste:  
Through vineyard, farmyard, orchard, garden  
trace,

Through cellars, pantries, and at table place:  
Bid jovial guests attend his welcome call,  
And busy footsteps echo through his hall;  
Hilarity, with dimpled cheek preside,  
And Youth and Health sit blooming by his side.  
No sullen-eyed Misanthropy be there,  
No sour Inquietude, nor pallid Care;  
But Friendship draw the chairs more closely  
round,

And Pleasure's front with rosy wreaths be bound;  
The hand of Beauty crown the sparkling cup,  
That modern wits, like ancient gods, may sup.

Come ye who, owning only Nature's laws,  
Eat without rule and dine without applause,  
Learn from my lays the pleasures that allure us  
To this bright school of modern Epicurus.

Come, Comus, come,—come, Momus, haste  
along,

With mild breath inspire my rising song!—  
Yet, why should I your dubious aid invite,  
Who never learn'd, yourselves, to read and  
write?

And what need he auxiliaries require,  
Whose subject fills his swelling breast with fire:  
Warms every nerve and renovates the blood,  
Rolls through each vein the invigorating flood,  
And gives the fine sensorium of the brain  
To vibrate pleasure, or to throb with pain?

After recording the plain food of the ancient Greeks, the improvements on eating in Eastern nations is thus Beppoishly painted:

Those more remote, more Oriental still,  
Went farther too in culinary skill:  
With simple fare they were not long contented,  
The seasoning science was by them invented;  
And since that time their spices have, with reason,  
Never been reckon'd wholly out of *season*.  
Hot was their climate, hotter was their food;  
They stews discover'd, who themselves were  
*stew'd*:

Supinely laid in aromatic groves,  
They pluck'd the amomum, cinnamon, and  
cloves:

And thus they combated, with arts clandestine,  
The external warmth, by greater heat intestine.

Poor prostrate Asia was by Greece o'errun,  
And from her standard dropp'd the flaming sun:  
But Greece, cold Greece, herself, as years re-  
volv'd,

Before her rivals' kitchen fire dissolv'd.

The praise of gourmandizing would be disgusting unless treated with delicacy and discrimination. The author likens himself in this to Arcestratus

— — — — — the bard

Who sang of poultry, venison, and lard:

Poet and Cook — — — —

all whose works edacious Time has consumed; and thus continues his little egotistical indulgence:

Ah! rash experiment to soar like him,  
And o'er the festive board securely skim!  
My shoulders in his double robe invest,  
And dress a feast for ages to digest;  
The irreparable loss perchance supply,  
And, borne on savory vapours, mount the sky;  
Since immortalities 'tis thought arise  
From standard verse, as well as *standard* pies.  
So may my work descend to future nations,  
Relish'd by lips of rising generations;  
And should the present race dislike my text,  
Let commentators hash it for the next;  
Unfailing hope of wretched authors still,  
Posterity—shall every wish fulfil!

The Roman diet-system is next whimsically dwelt upon:—

The "*Gesta Romanorum*" here we meet,  
But jests are spoiled if we too oft repeat:  
Their Consul-ate, Duum-Decemvir-ate:  
Though rank I honour—greediness I hate.

But we must hasten on a thousand centuries, and pass to the dishes of a neighbouring country and our native land. The value of a master Cook is not *overdone* in the following:

How singularly fortunate, who can  
This *Rara Avis* meet, this proper man;  
Who, conscious of his own unrivall'd powers,  
Far over all his fellow-creatures towers;  
Who, bred originally to the—*bar*,  
Thinks he may treat his master on a par;  
Like his profession, luminous and bright,  
And, in his own opinion, always right.  
His pride to kindle, not to quench a flame,  
And wake the passions, not by reason tame:  
With ample range of powers, and powers of  
range,

And well prepared this side or that to change:  
Still in the vehemence of action cool  
Who tries with patience, and condemns by rule,

As grave, as dignified, as those, and big,  
Who wear a larger, not a whiter wig:  
He sends alike, with firm, unflinching breath,  
The tenderest fowl, or toughest ox to death.—  
No Persian Sultan, whose despotic power  
Takes any subject's head at any hour,  
Can with a more imperious air confine  
Or to the bow-string his satrap consign,  
Than he a goose to execution sends,  
And not one muscle of his brow unbends!  
His visage grave, his aspect rough and stern,  
Yet will his reddening cheek unconscious burn,  
When, listening at the door, with joy he hears  
The master's praises, and the stranger's cheers.  
Heroes and cooks this stimulus require;  
'Tis but for this they brave the *hottest* fire!

This important personage is further eulogised as "rising on dead wings to immortality," and in no very poetical couplet, as having

His person to the warmest fire exposed;  
His active mind nor posed nor disappointed.

The means recommended to the lazily luxurious to acquire appetite are more tersely expressed:

You want, what you may think an idle notion,  
Perpetual exercise! perpetual motion!  
A substitute for bread, your poorer neighbour,  
But you require—a substitute for labour!

We are sorry that our bounds compel us to omit the quotation of the well-written advice to hosts not to stun their guests with hackneyed apologies (pages 64-5;)—the only demi-ironical lament for the overthrow of those resorts of charity as well as pride and munificence as well as good living, the abbeys of other years (pages 72-3-4)—and the punning catalogue of wines after the feast (page 89,) of which we but adduce one sample before we arrive at the tragic tale of a famous Cook.

Here you must not forget yourself, but worse,  
Try nobly to forget—the universe!  
The means are yours, what would you covet  
more?

Your *Cape* behind, your *Côte Rotie* before:  
In your strong *Tent* you may defy the age,  
Or find some solace in your *Hermilage*.  
Or if these fail you, there is your *Chateau*,  
By knowing connoisseurs, surnamed *Margot*,  
Through its *stain'd glass* you brighter see than  
*flint*,

How the far world receives a purple tint.  
Five springs, recumbent on its convex side,  
The rusty glass your Burgundy has dyed:  
Ten years your *Port*, and twenty your *Madeira*,—  
Their birth an epoch, and their life an era!

These entertaining cantos conclude with a story which would alone afford a favourable example of the author's ability:

It chanced,—for dates see *Madame Sevigné*,—  
That great Prince general—the great Condé,  
In his great castle, in his greater park,  
Gave a carousal to the Grand Monarque.  
'Twas in the spacious Chateau of Chantilly,  
Where all his ancestors had lived genteelly;  
There Nature, though she well sustain'd her part,  
Still saw herself excell'd by cost and art.—  
Conviviality and Splendour reigned:  
No Monarch e'er was better entertain'd,—



The gay interior most superbly fitted,  
Was to Vatel, Maitre d'Hotel,—committed.  
A faithful creature, long in the employ  
Of him who beat the Spaniards at Rocroi.  
Trusty domestic, all he plann'd with care;—  
But the true *Condé* genius—was not there.  
Embarrass'd and distracted with the weight  
Of this great day, it was proclaimed too late,  
That two long tables yet reclaim'd their roast:—  
Alas!—one only could be found at most!

"Wretch that I am!"—in agony he cried,  
While both his arms hung lifeless by his side,  
His eyes in stupor, fix'd upon the ground,  
And scarce his sobbing throat an utterance found;  
"Wretch that I am!" exclaim'd he to Gour-  
ville,

"What shuddering horrors all my bosom fill!  
"All, all is lost; my honour is betray'd;  
"A roast was missing;—all my glories fade!  
"This day hath seen my Sun of fame descend,  
"My laurels wither, and my prospects end!  
"Can aught the opprobrium of this stain efface?—  
"My Lord's dishonour, and my art's disgrace!  
"What court again shall in my care confide?  
"What Sovereign trust repose?"—he said and  
sigh'd.

The Prince was soon acquainted with the  
whole,

And came himself the sufferer to console:  
"Vatel!"—most condescendingly he said,  
With inclination of his gracious head;—  
"Vatel! Vatel! be comforted, my friend;  
"Could any thing your royal fête transcend?  
"By all consider'd a most sumptuous thing;—  
"It met the approbation of the King.—  
"Your honour's safe; these tears you might  
have spared;

"Think not my confidence can be impair'd.  
"Forget the roast, far better to have none,  
"Than thus to see things so much *overdone*."

"My Prince! this goodness how can I repay?  
"My life and service at your feet I lay!"—  
Not long endures the respite and relief:  
Too soon the victim of a heavier grief!

Who the next day so miserable as he!  
At twelve—at two—no tidings from the sea!  
No post, no messenger, no caravan;  
Was ever so unfortunate a man?

One hour to dinner: nothing will arrive:  
His spirits sink—he never can survive.  
No sturgeon, turbot, and no salmon jole,  
To set before the King!—no not a sole.  
No golden gurnets and no silver eels;  
'Twere better to be flayed himself he feels!

In vain he draws his vision out, and hope,  
With achromatic lens and telescope.—  
His hopes, alas! are vanish'd like a vision;  
And all he sees—dishonour and derision.

In vain, disconsolate he raves, he roars,  
Louder than Neptune on the Atlantick shores;  
He frets, he fumes, and with exhausted breath  
Demands of fate—his dories—or his Death.

For fish to speak—that fashion now no more is,  
Death only hears, and death too near his door is.  
The winds that rent his sails, dispersed his prayer,  
And scatter'd round the frothy words in air.

Three times against his agitated breast  
By his own hand the shining steel was press'd;  
But thrice the faithful, faithless steel refused  
To see its blade by erring hands misused:—

The fourth—the treasonable arm prevail'd,  
And the stern heart that guided it, assail'd;  
From the deep wound the crimson currents roll:  
But grief's black tide it is o'erwhelms his soul.

Ah! melancholy, rash precipitation!  
One moment more had been his preservation:—  
Just as his foot in Charon's bark he sets,  
Arrives the produce of his boats and nets.

Hoarse grind the wheels, loud sounds the noisy  
throng,  
Tumultuous to the gates the menials throng:

They call Vatel. Ah!—no Vatel appears;—  
Nor welcome word, nor whip, nor wheel he  
hears!

They seek, vociferate, they find him—dead;  
Unfeeling Atropos had cut the thread:—  
On the cold ground, unconscious of their cries,  
Mute as his fish,—as motionless he lies!

Of this catastrophe a beautiful and cu-  
rious plate is given as a frontispiece, and  
the decorations are altogether of an un-  
commonly fine cast. Their invention is  
ascribed to a lady, and they do her infi-  
nite honour.

Having spoken so highly of this work,  
it may appear almost invidious, but it is  
just, to state that there appears to be a  
little affectation of learned, or rather of  
dictionary words—a few were sufficient  
to enrich the humour, the rest do not  
increase it. There is also a sprinkling  
of careless rhymes: ex. gr.

Enough for them, a little toasted meal!  
With hunger seasoned, 'twas a sumptuous meal!  
The way-worn beggar who subsists on *alms*,  
Finds in his hardened crust a thousand charms:

There is one instance we think of bad  
taste—it is in speaking of a Convict's  
last morsels:

The sterile scraps no nourishment promote,  
And Nature's vow is strangled in his throat:

This is no subject for a jest. Far better  
is the lively eulogy on the information  
obtained from Cyclopædias, with which  
we finish our poetical extracts:

Stupendous book! whose boast is to contain  
The fine quintessence of the human brain!—  
Were all typography's black pages burn'd,  
Their substance from this index might be  
learn'd:—

A work that cannot be too much respected  
By those whose education is neglected.  
Hence on all subjects sparks of light you throw,  
As from the hardest flint the fire will flow:  
Blaze with the comet in his swift verticity,  
Or rouse us with a flash of electricity:—  
Your thoughts, collected by its brilliant prism,  
Shall throw a painted veil across—your egotism.

The notes, which misliked us at first  
sight, we found to be as amusing as the  
rest of the volume, and consequently to  
add to the gratification it afforded us.  
We subjoin three by way of example.  
The first refers to the characteristic de-  
scription of the beginning, middle, and  
end of a feast.

Altum Silentium,  
Stridor Dentium,  
Clangor Gentium.

The second is an anecdote of Mont-  
maur, a celebrated parasite who died in  
Paris anno 1648.

At table, one day, with a large party who  
were talking, singing, and laughing all at  
once—"Silence, gentlemen, if you please,"  
he cried; "you make so much noise I can-  
not hear myself eat."

And the last is a story of Marshal  
Villars' Swiss Porter, whose talents may  
thence be learnt:

The Marshal one day said to him: "How  
many sirloins of beef do you think you can  
eat?"—"Ah, my lord, me need not many,  
five or six de utmost."—"And how many  
legs of mutton?"—"Legs of mutton; not  
many, seven or eight."—"How many pul-  
lets think you?"—"Oh! very few of de  
pullet, perhaps about a dozen."—"Well,  
and pigeons?"—"Oh! as for de matter  
of pigeons, very few, forty, perhaps fifty,  
according as they are dressed."—"And  
larks?"—"Oh, larks! my lord,—larks for  
ever."

The name of the author is concealed,  
but the merits of his poem, and the ap-  
plause it must meet with, will doubtless  
soon lead to the secret being divulged.

*An Eulogium on Sir Samuel Romilly.* By  
M. Benjamin de Constant. Translated  
from the French, by Sir T. C. Mor-  
gan. 8vo.

An eulogium on Sir Samuel Romilly,  
pronounced at the Royal Athenæum of  
Paris, is rather an unexpected event;  
though, perhaps, on consideration, not  
altogether so extraordinary as it might  
at first appear. That Sir Samuel Ro-  
milly, who was an universal philan-  
thropist, should call forth the eulogies  
of any person or set of persons who  
would appear desirous of being thought  
amiable enough to admire that charac-  
ter, is exceedingly natural, and affords  
a proof of the general homage which  
mankind must ever pay to Virtue. In  
this point of view, therefore, we con-  
sider the Eulogium as a just and proper  
tribute to the memory of that distin-  
guished individual: but, on the other  
hand, we are sorry to observe so large a  
portion is occupied in the abuse of the  
English government; and that the  
names of certain personages are intro-  
duced, who have no immediate refer-  
ence to the subject. We hold a formal  
eulogium on the dead to be a sort of fu-  
neral oration, wherein it is the height of  
bad taste, and even of bad feeling, to  
make so solemn, almost so sacred a duty,  
the vehicle of tirades against the living.

Setting aside these considerations, the  
'Eulogium' is well written; and, as  
containing the sentiments of a celebrated  
Frenchman (who resided some time  
among us,) respecting our political in-  
stitutions, must prove curious and in-  
teresting to every British reader. The  
practical excellence of our Parliament,  
as opposed to its elective deficiencies,  
allowing for the obvious misconceptions  
of a foreigner, and the democratic me-  
dium through which his views are taken,  
is forcibly explained in the following  
passage:—

Thus the British representation is com-

posed of a few true citizens, united to a mass of the placemen of government and the nominees of an oligarchy.

It must be confessed, however, that this organization, so defective in theory, produces not in practice all the ill effects which might reasonably be expected. Three causes contribute to balance its fundamental vices; of which two, at least, carry with them a powerful remedy and an efficacious compensation.

The first of these causes is, that amidst the number of nominees at the discretion of the authorities, or of individuals, the inheritors of antique privileges, there is still but one step in the process of election, and that this election is made directly, and in many instances by a numerous and independent body of voters. The influence of this mode of procedure remains even where its forms are purely illusory. A direct election impresses upon the body politic a salutary shock, animates it with a new life, and fills the citizen with a sense of his political importance: it closely connects the members with the electors, and thereby approximates the people and the government. Such of the representatives as elect themselves (for this is sometimes the case,) or are appointed through family connection or patronage, are impressed with an involuntary modesty in the presence of the real representatives of the people; and public opinion compels them to feel the situation in which they are placed. I remember to have seen one of these members, who though returned by four electors, was yet led by the force of conventional expressions to speak of his constituents, when he was overwhelmed by a general laugh in the House, notwithstanding that the minister possessed in it a venal majority. There are, then, still some popular representatives in the British House of Commons: and wherever a popular element penetrates, it ameliorates that with which it comes in contact; it introduces something of wholesomeness into the most corrupted systems, and prevents evil from extending beyond certain limits.

The second cause which practically influences the condition of the House is, that a portion of that oligarchy, which in reality governs England, makes use of the abuses and defects in the system of election to introduce among the representatives men of independence, or, to speak more properly, men whose position obliges them to oppose the ministry. The rotten boroughs are not exclusively under the influence of the government, but are many of them placed in the hands of individual proprietors. When the possessors of this species of property find themselves allied to the Opposition, it becomes their interest to fill the ranks of that party in the House with whatever talent and courage is to be found among its supporters. Several of the most distinguished personages of the last age owed their entrance upon the political arena to this species of patronage; and thus, by a singular combination, the imperfection of

the system has sometimes turned to the advantage of liberty.

The third cause to which I have alluded is the respect that subsists for opinion, whether manifested within or without the House. The representatives of the English nation are well aware that the liberty of speech within the House is of little value, unconnected with the liberty of the press. No one imagines that it would be desirable, or even possible, to render the communication of thought (the common characteristic of the species) a monopoly vested in the scanty number of members of Parliament. The British government, it is true, has suffered much deterioration. The English statesmen, placed in frequent communication with those of the other courts of Europe, have imbibed from them their scepticism with respect to principles, and their contempt for the human race. But in spite of such deviations from the free spirit handed down from their ancestors, in spite of their imitations of continental practices, they have always, either by habit or necessity, preserved inviolate the liberty of the press; and never can the other liberties of mankind be overthrown in that country, where this right continues to be respected and preserved.

With M. Constant's description of the 'Talent' Administration, we shall conclude our extracts, which we need hardly add, are adduced to exemplify the literary merits of the Eulogium, and the feelings of a considerable French party, of which M. Constant is a well known organ, rather than as political considerations, sanctioned or questioned by the *Literary Gazette*.\*

The ministry with which Sir Samuel Romilly was associated was made up of elements extremely heterogeneous. Charles Fox, of all Englishmen the most thoroughly cosmopolite, and consequently the most enlightened (for the general prosperity of all nations is the surest base of the welfare of each,) the most generous in his intentions, the most vehement in his eagerness to do good, the most attached to the British con-

stitution in all its purity (that is to say with every feasible amelioration,) Charles Fox, in one word, the most amiable of private characters and the most honest of public men;—Lord Henry Petty, afterwards Marquis of Lansdown, a young man of premature moderation, but of high hope;—Lord Erskine, whose name is associated, by an honourable and constant alliance, with the liberty of the press and the trial by jury;—Lord Holland, the inheritor of his uncle's good qualities and of a large portion of his talents;—Mr. Grey, now Lord Grey, an eminent orator, who, like all the old Whigs, maintained the rights of the people without sacrificing the privileges of the oligarchy;—Mr. Sheridan, whose splendid faculties and prodigious wit were not yet weakened by a dissipated life and painful infirmities. Such were the men who were seated beside Lord Grenville, a person of incontestable talents, but who recalled the Appii of Rome when he spoke of the French Revolution, and the hatred of Cato against Carthage when he mentioned France;—Windham, for many years the pupil of Fox, but afterwards a most violent opposer of the principles of that illustrious statesman;—and Lord Sidmouth, too well known to many of our countrymen as the minister employed to execute the provisions of the Alien Bill. This ministry, notwithstanding the great reputation of Fox, had neither the opportunity nor the strength for realizing the hopes to which it had given birth.

*Specimens of the British Poets, &c.* By Thomas Campbell. London 1819. Crown Svo. 7 vols.

In our preceding Number we gave a general idea of Mr. Campbell's work, and analysed the first part of the three into which he has divided his introductory Essay: this brought us to the fifteenth century, and to the epoch of Chaucer. From that brilliant epoch there was a great relapse into barbarism and obscurity. The civil wars which distracted England for so many years, and the religious struggles which followed them, account for a tedious and barren era between Chaucer and Spenser, between those Nilometers which marked fertile times—the Canterbury Tales and Fairy Queen. It is true that the elegant Lord Surrey preceded Spenser, and that Ritson\* enumerates about seventy poets of the fifteenth century, including Occleve and Lydgate; but the luminaries of this age are on the whole destitute of distinguished lustre. Scotland, about this period and in the beginning of the 16th century, produced works deserving of notice. Bishop Douglas published an entire poetical version of the *Æneid* before Lord Surrey translated a single book of it; and Dunbar often displayed sim-

\* Don Mendez, the South American Agent, has, we understand, accused us publicly, in the *Courier and Morning Chronicle*, of political hostility towards his constituents, the Insurgent Government. Our remarks occurred in a *Literary Review* of Mr. Hackett's Volume, and literary annunciation of a forthcoming exposé by Colonel Hipsey; and we beg to say that we took no political part in the matter whatever. We do not allow even British politics to interfere with our more pleasant pursuits, and sure we are we could have no wish to meddle with those of Spain and her Colonies, though we should hold ourselves in detestation, were we to conceal or palliate facts which come before us in new publications, and demonstrate the bloody character of the South American contest, the dishonour of the revolutionary agents, and the wretched fate of our unhappy countrymen, deluded by their promises into a service alike alien to Britons in its robber principles and sanguinary conduct.—Ed.

\* *Biographia Poetica*, vol. i.

plicity and lyric terseness, while Lyndsay occupied no contemptible place as a reformer, historian, and poet.

Alexander Barclay, a priest in Devonshire, who died at a great age in 1532, wrote the much quoted but indifferent "Ship of Fools," but is more memorable from having been the earliest writer of Eclogues in our language. His descriptions of rural life present a miserable picture of the condition of the peasantry of that age:—

The speakers, in one of his eclogues, lie littered among straw, for want of a fire to keep themselves warm; and one of them expresses a wish that the milk for dinner may be curdled, to save them the consumption of bread. ----- In one of his moral apologies—Adam, he tells us in verse, was one day abroad at his work—Eve was at the door of the house, with her children playing about her; some of them she was "kembing," says the poet, prefixing another particle, not of the most delicate kind, to describe the usefulness of the comb. Her Maker having deigned to pay her a visit, she was ashamed to be found with so many ill-dressed children about her, and hastened to stow a number of them out of sight; some of them she concealed under hay and straw, others she put up the chimney, and one or two into a "tub of draff." Having produced, however, the best looking and best dressed of them, she was delighted to hear their Divine Visitor bless them, and destine some of them to be Kings and Emperors, some Dukes and Barons, and others Sheriffs, Mayors, and Aldermen. Unwilling that any of her family should forfeit blessings whilst they were going, she immediately drew out the remainder from their concealment; but when they came forth, they were so covered with dust and cobwebs, and had so many bits of chaff and straw sticking to their hair, that instead of receiving benedictions and promotion, they were doomed to vocations of toil and poverty, suitable to their dirty appearance.

Such is Mr. Barclay's account of the origin of different ranks in society; from which it appears that we poor fellows, who are born to labour in this world, inherit the destiny from our earliest progenitors' being, perhaps, stuck into the *draff tub*!

Skelton, the rival of Barclay, claims a mention, but we may close our remarks on the fifteenth century without a further addition, except to observe that the exquisite ballad of *The Nut-brown Maid*, said to have been translated from the German, is referable to this period.

The literary character of England was not established till near the end of the sixteenth century. Henry VIII. a rich and powerful king, affected to be a poet, and his pageants and masques fostered song as well as gallantry. Lord Surrey renewed our refining intercourse with

Italy, which had been interrupted since the days of Chaucer, and introduced blank verse into our language. Sir Thomas Wyatt, Lord Rochford (the brother of Anne Boleyn,) and Lord Vaux, were elevated or elegant poets of that reign; and Totell's collection, the earliest poetical miscellany in the English tongue, was published.

Under Edward VI. the effects of the reformation became visible, and the Muse, instead of singing love verses and satires, blended religious with poetical enthusiasm, and turned puritan. Sternhold and Hopkins flourished; and the Acts of the Apostles were rhymed, and set to music by Christopher Tye.

The famous "Mirror for Magistrates" must have been principally composed about the time of Mary, though Lord Sackville, its editor, lived to direct the councils of James I. But it was under Elizabeth that the golden age of poetry may be placed—an age without a parallel in our literary history, and never approached in excellence till the present time, when, in all but dramatic writing, we need not fear to enter into a glorious competition with the most splendid of preceding eras.

In the reign of Elizabeth (says our Author) the English mind put forth its energies in every direction, exalted by a purer religion, and enlarged by new views of truth. ----- A degree of romantic fancy remained in the manners and superstitions of the people; and allegory might be said to parade the streets in their public pageants and festivities. ----- The philosophy of the highest minds still partook of a visionary character. A poetical spirit infused itself into the practical heroism of the age; and some of the worthies of that period seem less like ordinary men, than like beings called forth out of fiction, and arrayed in the brightness of her dreams. They had "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." The life of Sir Philip Sydney was poetry put into action.

Romance came back to us from the southern languages, clothed in new luxury by the warm imaginations of the South.

The harvest was so abundant that there were many weeds as well as much corn in the extensive field. Absurdity went hand in hand with genuine inspiration. Lyllie's jargon, called Euphuism, had nearly subverted true taste; and Puttenham, one of the best critics of the age, gives directions to composers how to make verses *beautiful to the eye*, by writing them "in the shapes of eggs, turbots, fuzees, and lozenges."

But Spenser arose "without a class and without a rival." His pastorals were published in 1579; the *Fairy Queen*, in 1590. Upon Spenser, Mr. Campbell

gives us an able criticism and honourable eulogy. He styles him the Rubens of English poetry.

His command of imagery is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive, than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. ----- He is the splendid father of a Milton and a Thomson. Gray habitually read him when he wished to frame his thoughts for composition, and there are few eminent poets in the language, who have not been essentially indebted to him.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars Repair, and in their urns draw golden light.

Contemporary with the publication of the *Fairy Queen*, was the commencement of the immortal Shakespeare's career! Before Elizabeth's reign, we had no dramatic authors but such as Bale and Heywood, who were only the last of the race of Mystery-Writers, as the former made *Comedies* on the resurrection of Lazarus, and the passion and sepulture of our Lord.

Lord Sackville's *Gorboduc*, in 1562, and Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, were severally our earliest attempts at regular tragedy and comedy; and between the latter date and the rising of our dramatic sun, Robert Wilnot, Whetstone, Preston, &c. appear, as well as the abler Peele, Kyd, Marlowe, Legge, Greene, Lodge, &c. who not unworthily paved the way to nobler doings. Of Shakespeare we never read any opinions so entirely agreeing with our own as those of Mr. Campbell: of course we think them admirably just; sure we are they are beautifully expressed.

He created our *romantic* drama, or if the assertion is to be qualified, it requires but a small qualification. There were undoubtedly prior occupants of the dramatic ground in our language; but they appear only like unprosperous settlers on the patches and skirts of a wilderness, which he converted into a garden. He is, therefore, never compared with his native predecessors. Criticism goes back for names worthy of being put in competition with his, to the first great masters of dramatic invention; and even in the points of dissimilarity between them and him, discovers some of the highest indications of his genius. Compared with the classical composers of antiquity, he is to our conceptions nearer the character of an universal poet; more acquainted with man in the real world, and more terrific and bewitching in the preternatural. He expanded the magic circle of the drama beyond the limits that belonged to it in antiquity; made it embrace more time and locality, filled it with larger business and action, with vicissitudes of gay and serious emotion, which classical taste had kept divided; with characters which



developed humanity in stronger lights and subtler movements, and with a language more wildly, more playfully diversified by fancy and passion, than was ever spoken on any stage. Like Nature herself, he presents alternations of the gay and the tragic; and his mutability, like the suspense and precariousness of real existence, often deepens the force of our impressions. He converted imitation into illusion. To say that, magician as he was, he was not faultless, is only to recal the flat and stale truism, that every thing human is imperfect. But how to estimate his imperfections! To praise him is easy—*In facili causa cuius licet esse disertio*—But to make a special, full, and accurate estimate of his imperfections, would require a delicate and comprehensive discrimination, and an authority which are almost as seldom united in one man as the powers of Shakspeare himself. He is the poet of the world. The magnitude of his genius puts it beyond all private opinion to set defined limits to the admiration which is due to it. We know, upon the whole, that the sum of blemishes to be deducted from his merits is not great, and we should scarcely be thankful to one who should be anxious to make it. No poet triumphs so anomalously over eccentricities and peculiarities in composition; so that his blemishes and beauties have an affinity which we are jealous of trusting any hand with the task of separating. We dread the interference of criticism with a fascination so often inexplicable by critical laws, and justly apprehend that any man in standing between us and Shakspeare, may shew for pretended spots upon his disk only the shadows of his own opacity.

To these observations, the truth and force of which will, we think, be pretty generally acknowledged, at least in Britain and Germany, the writer adds some others which may help to obtain for them a less cordial reception in France, where the unities and rules of art still continue to fetter the drama.

The bare name (he continues) of the dramatic unities is apt to excite revolting ideas of pedantry, arts of poetry, and French criticism. With none of these do I wish to annoy the reader. I conceive that it may be said of those unities as of fire and water, that they are good servants but bad masters.

We shall not follow our author through the other dramatists whose names and merits occupy the remainder of this second part; nor shall we lengthen this article by the enumeration of the other poets who flourished about the period under notice. The metaphysical school of Donne, of which Davies, Fulke Greville, Overbury, and Davenant, were disciples, we have seen partially revived in our day; and as for the bad poets of the Elizabethan age, are they not equalled, as much as the good, by bards of the nineteenth century? Davies, whom

we have mentioned, was perhaps the closest reasoner that ever wrote in rhyme; and we conclude for the present with a few specimens of his verse, who wrote on "the immortality of the soul" at 25, and on "the art of dancing" at 52. Well might the dancing master in Moliere exclaim, "*La philosophie est quelque chose—mais la Danse!*"

#### THE VANITY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,  
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?  
Since the desire to know first made men fools,  
And did corrupt the root of all mankind.

What is this knowledge but the sky-stol'n fire,  
For which the thief \* still chained in ice doth sit?  
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,  
And needs must kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

In fine, what is it but the fiery coach  
Which the youth sought, † and sought his death  
withal,  
Or the boy's wings ‡ which, when he did approach  
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall.

The wits that dived most deep and soar'd most high,  
Seeking man's powers have found his weakness such;  
Skill comes so slow, and time so fast doth fly,  
We learn so little and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all mortal men  
Said, "He knew nought but that he did not know,"  
And the great mocking master mock'd not then,  
When he said truth was buried deep below.

As spiders touch'd, seek their webs inmost part;  
As bees in storms, back to their hives return;  
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;  
As men seek towns when foes the country burn:

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks  
(Making us pry into ourselves no near,  
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,  
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

She within lists my ranging mind has brought,  
That now beyond myself I will not go:  
Myself am centre of my circling thought:  
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,  
As force without, fevers within can kill;  
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,  
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,  
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;  
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,  
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;  
I know my sense is mocked in every thing:  
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,  
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

Thus, a hundred years before Pope,  
was "the noblest study of mankind"  
asserted and pursued.

\* Prometheus. † Phaeton. ‡ Icarus.

Golownin's Recollections of Japan, &c. 8vo.  
London 1819.

(Continued.)

The dignity of both the Japanese Emperors is inherited by the eldest of their male descendants, in default of whom they must adopt sons from princely families related to them.

The Japanese empire consists of many principalities, which are governed by the Damjos, or reigning princes, and of the provinces belonging to the emperor himself, the administration of which is entrusted to governors. The number of reigning princes in Japan is more than two hundred; the possessions of most of them are but small, but some of them are extremely powerful: thus, for example, the Damjo of Sindai, when he comes to the capital, has a court and attendants, which amounts to sixty thousand persons. These princes govern their possessions as independent sovereigns: they have even the right to give new laws, only these must have no influence on the other parts of the empire; for in such cases no ordinance can be put into execution without superior authority. Every Damjo is bound to keep a certain number of soldiers, of which the temporal emperor disposes.

The Emperor's own provinces are governed by officers called Obunjo: His supreme council consists of five reigning princes; and there are other official departments, which shew that the sovereign is not absolute.

The Japanese military force consist of artillery, infantry, and cavalry. We did not see the last, but were informed that the best men were selected for it. They have rich dresses and fine horses, and are armed with sabres, pikes and pistols.

The Japanese artillery is still extremely imperfect. It is nearly in the same state as it was in Europe at the time that cast cannon began to be used. Those cast in Japan are of copper; and, in proportion to the calibre, uncommonly thick. The breech is unscrewed, in order to load; the Japanese, therefore, load their cannon very slowly, and do not fire until all the artillery men have retired to some distance; one of them then discharges it with a long linstock. Their cannonading therefore may put to flight savages by the noise, but not Europeans.

Their infantry are armed with matchlocks, pikes, sabre and dagger, and bows and arrows, in the use of the latter of which they are much more dexterous than with their muskets and pistols, which have copper barrels and are very heavy.

It is a remark worthy of notice at this time, when the subject is so much discussed among ourselves, that in Japan they have not only a Commercial Ga-

zette and Price Current, but also paper Money. Captain G. tells us, that—

In order to extend trade over the whole empire, and give the merchants more resources and facilities, the Japanese have introduced bills of exchange and promissory notes, such as are met with in the European states, under the protection of the laws. In one of the southern principalities of Japan, there are bank notes, which circulate as money. There are three kinds of coin in Japan; gold, silver, and copper. The latter are round, with holes in the middle, by which they are put upon a string, and carried as in a purse. This money is called by the Japanese *mon*. When they saw our *copecs*, they compared them with this coin, and found that four Japanese *mon* made one *copec*. The gold and silver coins are longish, four cornered, and thicker than an Imperial. The name, value, date of the year, and name of the maker, are stamped on each.

The following is the extraordinary account which the Japanese are stated to have given of their population :

They also shewed us a plan of the capital, and told us that a man could not walk in one day from one end of it to the other. When we questioned the Japanese respecting its population, they affirmed that it contained upwards of ten millions of inhabitants, and were very angry when we doubted it. They brought us the next day a paper from one of their officers, who had been employed in the police in Yeddo. It was stated in this paper that the city of Yeddo has in its principal streets two hundred and eighty thousand houses, and in each of them there live from thirty to forty people. Suppose there were only thirty, the number of the inhabitants must amount to eight millions four hundred thousand; add to this the inhabitants of the small houses and huts, those who live in the open air, the Imperial Guard, the guard of the princes in the capital, their suites, &c., the number of the inhabitants must exceed ten millions. As a confirmation of their assertions, the Japanese mentioned besides, that Yeddo alone contained 36,000 blind people.\* To this we could say nothing,

\* Among the many singular institutions in Japan, is the class or order of the blind, who, with the consent of government, are united in a society in the whole kingdom, which has its privileges, laws, and a governor, whom they call Prince. They have assistants, treasurers, &c. who are all blind. They employ themselves according to their abilities in different works, and deliver to their Prince the money obtained for them, which is placed in a general treasury, and employed according to the rules of the society. Many blind men are physicians, especially in different diseases which the Japanese cure by means of baths; others are musicians. The society owes its foundation to a brave Japanese General, who during the civil wars lost his prince and benefactor, and was made prisoner by his adversary. The victor loaded this general with favours, and at last asked him if he would serve him; but the general answered, that he was in-

and neither allow the Japanese to be in the right, nor contradict their assertion.

Of the customs and manners of this remarkable people, we have some curious notices.

A very singular custom at the marriages of the Japanese is, that the teeth of the bride are made black by some corrosive liquid. The teeth remain black ever after, and serve to shew that a woman is married, or a widow. Another circumstance is, at the birth of every child, to plant a tree in the garden or court-yard, which attains its full growth in as many years as a man requires to be mature for the duties of marriage. When he marries the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes, to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new-married couple.

The Japanese may marry as often as they please: marriages with sisters are prohibited; but they can marry any other relative.

We once (says Golownin) saw the governor of Matsmai ride on horseback to a temple, where thankgivings were to be celebrated, where he must go once every year in spring. The high priest, the priests and officers who were obliged to be present, were gone there before. He rode alone without ceremony; a small train attended him on foot. To the horse's bit there were fastened, instead of the bridle, two light blue girdles, which two grooms held fast on each side of the horse's mouth; the two ends of these girdles were held by two other grooms, who went a little at a distance from the others, so that these four men occupied almost the whole road. The tail of the horse was covered with a light blue silk bag. The governor, dressed in his usual clothes, in which we had often seen him, sat without his hat, upon a magnificent saddle, and held his feet in wooden japanned stirrups, which resembled little boxes. The grooms who held the horse at the bit, continually cried: *Chai, chai*, that is, Softly, softly; however they pushed on the horse and made it leap and go quick; the governor therefore stooped and held fast the saddle with both hands. At a short distance before him went some soldiers in a row with two sergeants, and though nobody was in the way, they continually cried: "Make room! make room!" behind the governor followed the armour-bearers, who carried all the insignia of his dignity in cases: this was to signify that the governor was *incognito*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

indeed sensible of his goodness, but as he had murdered his former master and benefactor, he not only would not serve him, but could not even look at him without feeling an ardent desire of revenge. He was therefore resolved to deprive himself of the means of exercising vengeance, and at these words tore his eyes out of his head, and threw them at the feet of the victor. After the death of this hero, his friends instituted the order of the blind, which still exists.

## TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

*Observations on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia.* By Joseph von Hammer. Published at Pest.

### THE WATERS OF BRUSSA.

M. Von Hammer sketches with an animated pencil the general appearance of the springs and streams which cool the atmosphere, and fertilize the picturesque environs of Brussa, and which have been celebrated from the earliest periods for their crystalline purity and refreshing influence. Besides a multitude of springs and fountains, he enumerates three principal brooks which take their rise in Mount Olympus, viz. that of *Boonarbasshee*, which, like the Scamander on the plain of Troy, is exclusively denominated the *Source*; that of the *Gaidaré*, or the *Celestial Valley*; and that of *Actshaghlan*, otherwise called the water of *Meer Aleesheer*.

"The *Boonarbasshee*, or *Fountainhead*, rises immediately beneath the Pilgrim's shrine of *Murad Abdal*, at the back of the castle. The principal spring, which flows from among the rocks, clear and silvery as one of the fountains of Paradise, is received in a canal, in the marble sides of which sofas are formed. Here assemble, at all hours of the day, groups composed of the lovers of nature and of news, of the curious and the idle, of talkers and listeners, of the active and the indolent, of the infirm and the healthy, of natives and foreigners, who, reclining on soft carpets, sip coffee and inhale the odour of tobacco. Engaged in agreeable chat, or plunged in still more agreeable reverie, they sit round the brink of the canal, the crystal surface of which reflects the glittering marble along with the softening hues of the verdant foliage and the azure canopy of heaven. The Moselim may here fancy himself reposing by the side of the *Selsebeel*, the *Spring of Paradise*, which flows like a stream of silver into silver basins, whilst the Houris, with silver forms and silver voices, perform the office of cup-bearers. The place of the Houris is supplied by the women of Brussa who come to wash their linen,\* in the vicinity of the canal, at the confluence of five other fountains which here spring from the earth, and, uniting with the water of the canal, flow with it to the castle, not far from the Water-Gate, which thence derives its name.

"In front of the second gate of the castle, the prison-gate (*Seendan Kapacee*), stands a hollow stone pillar, through which the water rises and then descends again; and according to the Turkish notions of hydrostatics, it thus acquires more force for

\* This custom, by which the women are much more seen than in other Turkish towns may serve to explain how the works of the poet, of Brussa contain more descriptions of beauty, and a greater number of *Shekrengees* or city commotions than have been sung by the bards of Constantinople, Adrianople, and other Turkish capitals.

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reaching in an ascending direction the given point to which it is to be conveyed. This water-balance, *Soo terasoonsee*, as it is called (of the kind which Pliney had long before denominated, *Libramentum Aquæ*), was built by a Bey of the Mamlukes, who fled from Cairo to Brussa. The Bey left to Brussa this public proof, that he was amply indemnified for the waters of the Nile, by the more clear and refreshing springs of Olympus; though, owing to the abundance of water which pours down from the mountain, this monument of his gratitude may certainly be regarded as a superfluous ornament to the city. The half decayed walls and ruinous towers of the castle, surrounded as they are by the blooming and luxuriant vegetation of nature, excite a feeling of melancholy, which the tall cypresses and tomb-stones on either side of the way serve to increase. This road, bounded on the one hand by the rocky side of Olympus, and on the other by the stone ramparts of the castle, walled in by the hand of Nature and of man, and which finally conducts the traveller only to the abode of the dead, is a faithful image of the course of human existence."

The stream of the *Gaidaré* appears about half a league to the East of *Boonarbushée*, and runs through the hollow which included the Celestial Valley. The cleft which opens into this immense valley, intersects the town, as has already been observed; and when the snow melts, the water rushes through it with great fury. Some idea of its force may be formed by a view from the bridge thrown across the chasm. Large fragments of rock, which have been brought down by the stream, lie in the hollow. Sometimes the waters rise to the level of the rocky banks, and sweep away the impending houses.

The third spring rises in a very beautiful spot called *Karaufilli*, that is to say, full of carnations, which lies to the East of the town.

"The texts respecting the Fountain of Life, which *Cheesir* watches in the Land of Darkness, and the proverb, borrowed from the Koran—*Meen el-mai keellorn Sheyoon hay*, "Water has given life to all things,"—cannot be more appropriately applied than to Brussa, where hundreds of living springs sparkle through the verdant gloom of groves of plane and chesnut-trees; where *Cheesir*, the Genius of Spring, and of the reviving power of Nature, clothes hills and valleys with luxuriant verdure, and proclaims the life of the earth by the continual rippling and murmuring of the fountains."

*Description of the Baths in our next.*

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,  
FOR DECEMBER 1818.

(Continued.)

Art. III. Memoirs de l'Institut Royal de France, classe d'Histoire et de Littérature Ancienne; tomes III. et IV. Paris 1818. (First Extract.)

Two years have scarcely elapsed since the publication of the two first volumes of this

collection; and two new volumes display in the labours of this society, an activity which has rarely been so favoured by circumstances. The printing of the Memoirs posterior to 1812, will probably be continued with the same diligence; and we may believe that in a few years the publication of the volumes of the Academy will, for the first time in its history, follow the same course with the composition of its Memoirs.

The dissertations and notices which compose the third volume, are preceded, as usual, by extracts from the memoirs, which could not be inserted entire in this collection. Among these extracts the most remarkable are, an *Examination of the Pharmacœutica, or Sorceress of Theocritus*, by the late M. Levesque, in which the author shews the superiority of the Greek Idyl to the Latin imitation by Virgil; the *Researches of Dom Brial to obtain an understanding of the fifth letter of Ives de Chartres*, which throws a new light on some interesting events of the French history, and some of the celebrated characters who figure in it, towards the end of the 11th century. There are two pieces by the late M. Visconti, which in a short compass display the excellent spirit of criticism, and the profound erudition which distinguished the illustrious author. The subject of one of those dissertations was suggested to M. Visconti by a painted vase found in Sicily, which was a part of the fine collection of M. Tochon, and on which the style of the figure represented shews it to be of high antiquity. The Greek inscriptions furnish M. Visconti with matter for some curious observations relative to Paleography. These inscriptions consist of three Greek words, which M. V. reads thus: ΔΕΧΕ, ΤΕΡΕ, ΠΑΕΟ, and which he translates *enjoy, keep, possess*: imperatives of Euphemism, or wish, addressed by the donor of the vase to the person who was to receive it. This formula, the equivalent of which is found on several Latin monuments, is remarkable here by the orthography of the Greek words, and by the form of the letters which compose it. The absence of the *eta* in the word ΤΕΡΕ, and the arrangement of the letters from right to left, prove an antiquity much superior to the epoch when it is generally believed that the use of double letters was introduced into the monuments of Greece, and yet, by a remarkable contradiction, we find in the present, in the word ΔΕΧΕ, the letter *chi*, which is supposed not to have been known, or at least employed till the same epoch. It were to be wished that M. Visconti, insisting on this example with the whole authority of his name, had at length overthrown a system which is contradicted by so many monuments, and to confine myself to one, the ancient inscription found at Larissa in Argolis, by Mr. Gell, in which is the word ΑΡΙΣΤΟΜΑΧΟΣ, written with a *chi*.

Passing over the rest of the extracts, we come to the Memoirs, which constitute the most considerable and most important part of the collection, beginning with two dissertations by M. Silvestre de Saey; for which see our next Number.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

(Concluded.)

*Fourth and last extract from the inedited Journal of a Journey from Poland to the Don and the Sea of Asoff.*

The Catacombs of Kiew are divided into the Crypta of Antonius, which contains the greater number of bodies of celebrated men and saints, and has so many intricate passages, that it would be difficult to find one's way without a guide, and the Crypta of Theodosius, which contains fewer bodies, but more pretty chapels. They are altogether, situated in a high hill on the bank of the Dnieper, and, as I was assured, served the Missionaries of the 9th and 10th centuries as places of concealment from their persecutors. They were perhaps also used for refuge by the Tartars, and were so much extended, and the passages made so intricate, to facilitate escape from pursuers. Veneration for the saints who had inhabited these abodes, induced the Monks, afterwards, to live in them. Many of them chose a cell for their dwelling during their whole life, and left an opening through which they received their food, and communicated with their friends. They lived on fruits and vegetables, and mortified their bodies; and, according to the Legend, could not (notwithstanding all the efforts of the devil) be expelled from their habitations, in which, after their death, they were buried by their brethren, wrapped up in a cloth, and bound round with bandages. The bodies of some of these saints are said to remain incorruptible, others decay; and from many of the skulls an oil is said to exude, which cures all diseases, makes the blind to see, and drives the devil from the possessed. Furnished with this previous information, I went into the Crypta, where a servant of the church, probably a lay brother of the convent, preceded me with a light. The cavern itself was not in a rock, but only dug in a firm clay. As far as the eye reached, the passages were quite alike; on both sides there were niches, cells, chapels, and tombs, and many of them surrounded with a gilded or silvered lattice. The saints enclosed, were partly lying and partly standing, some clothed in rich garments, others in Monks' cowls, and under every one was inscribed his name, close to which a plate for the offerings, in which the gift, at least five copecks in copper, was laid. In several of these plates I saw considerable sums of gold and silver coin, and concluded by this that they were only emptied at certain times. The Saints were Russian Princes, Bishops, Abbots, and Martyrs, and, according to the account of our guide, the names of several, in the more remote parts, were not even known.

I had never seen mummies, and went down with the expectation of viewing uncorrupted corpses; and a saint, whose costly mantle had been laid in such a manner that his hands and feet were not to be seen, attracted my particular regard, by

the lively colour of his face. I became more attentive, and many of the heads appeared to me so large, so ill-shaped, and of such a singular colouring, that, though the faint light, and respect to my attendants, made it impossible for me to examine them closely, particularly as we passed so quickly, I could not avoid thinking (in which I was confirmed by the expression of our guides,) that all the bodies were not incorruptible, that art had been employed to repair the decay, particularly in the heads, and had, perhaps, intirely restored some. As every thing else was alike in these subterraneous caverns, I own I left them without going deeper.

### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

#### CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 19.

Messrs. Henry Blayds, of Trinity College, and John Jones, of St. John's College, were on Wednesday last admitted Masters of Arts.—Mr. Edward Heelis, of Emmanuel College, Bachelor of Arts.

Temple Chevallier, Esq. and the Rev. Henry Blunt, Bachelors of Arts, of Pembroke Hall, were on Tuesday last elected Fellows of that society.

**PERSON PRIZE.**—The passage fixed upon for the present year is, Shakspeare, Coriolanus, Act V. Scene 3. part of Volumnia's speech, beginning with

—“Thou know'st, great son,  
“The end of war's uncertain.”

And ending with

—“Let us shame him with our knees.”

Which is to be translated into Iambic Acalectic Trimeters, according to the laws laid down by the Professor in his Preface to the Hecuba of Euripides.

The Rev. John Palmer has resigned his office of Professor of Arabic. There are several candidates for the professorship, which is in the appointment of the Vice-Chancellor and the other Masters of Colleges.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

### ARTS AND SCIENCES.



Above, we have given a wood-cut of a new invention, which has excited considerable attention in the Metropolis, and seems curiously calculated for exercising invalids, if not for expediting travelling in

many situations. It is called “THE PEDESTRIAN CARRIAGE, OR WALKING ACCELERATOR,” and was originally the invention of an ingenious German, M. Drais, but has been introduced into this country and improved by Mr. Johnson, coachmaker in Long Acre, who has secured it by taking out Letters Patent. The Machine is of the most simple kind, supported by two light wheels running on the same line; the front wheel turning on a pivot, which, by means of a short lever, gives the direction in turning it to one side or the other, the hind wheel always running in one direction. The rider mounts it, and seats himself in a saddle conveniently fixed on the back of the horse, (if allowed to be called so;) and placed in the middle between the wheels, the feet are placed flat on the ground, so that in the first step to give the Machine motion, the heel should be the first part of the foot to touch the ground, and so on with the other foot alternately, as if walking, observing always to begin the movement very gently. In the front, before the rider, is placed a cushion, to rest the arms on while the hands hold the lever: this cushion should be properly called a balance, as it answers that purpose, for in giving a short turn, if the Machine inclines to the left, the right arm is pressed on the balance, which brings the Machine upright again, and so vice versa.

A person thus mounted, and propelling himself, appears to be skating, which the motion of the feet greatly resembles. It is evident that the whole weight of the body being relieved from the limbs, an immense portion of fatigue must be saved; and as a slight impulse produces a considerable effect upon a machine so constructed, a velocity is attained far beyond what the utmost personal exertion, unassisted by art, can accomplish.

Experiments have shewn that it is easy to travel fifty or more miles a day on these “German Horses;” and as a riding-school is about to be opened for them, we expect to see them brought into extensive use. For exercise in parks, &c. they seem to be admirably adapted; and from a trial of their powers, we can say that their management is very readily acquired.

Mr. Johnson's Repository is daily thronged with visitors, and it is amusing to see his servant riding about a long room to show the Horse, threading the carriages, and wheeling and turning with great precision. The cost is, we believe, about eight guineas.

### THE FINE ARTS.

#### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 25. The Woodman's Cottage Door; summer evening. *T. Barker.* This, we understand, is a portrait of the original Woodman, painted some years since by this Artist, and well known from the great circulation which the print from it obtained. The old man is now in his hundredth year,

and, as we do not doubt the fidelity of Mr. Barker's pencil, appears yet to enjoy a portion of health and vivacity truly wonderful at such an age,—and this is, we think, nearly the only interest belonging to the picture. The effect is scattered, and the parts too many, as well as of too general a character. The keeping is violated and every thing else sacrificed to the picturesque. The tone of colour, though low, is rather mellow and harmonious, but the whole is by no means equal to the pencil of the artist on most other occasions.

Nos. 207, 216, 241. Quarry Ground,—Approaching Thunder Storm,—and a Mason's Boy, beating a Sand Boy. *By the same.* The two former, though good picturesque studies, are repetitions of himself in colour and composition. We know not why the precise trades of the vulgar little ruffians in the last should be so minutely signified. The character of the back ground is, however, rich and various.

No. 26. The Return of Louis XVIII. in 1814. *E. Bird, R.A.* Without knowing what allowances ought to be made for a picture of this kind which an Artist forms amidst bustle and inconvenience, far removed from the quiet of the study, and even from reflection, not to mention inspiration, it is not easy to pronounce an opinion favourable to the Painter. It represents Louis XVIII. on board the Yacht which landed him in France, accompanied by the Duchess D'Angouleme, and attended by many English and French Noblemen, Officers, &c. A number of young Ladies are offering flowers, and sailors and curious persons climbing the rigging, to obtain a look at the long exiled Monarch. There are about forty or fifty figures. As a composition, we fear this must take its rank at no great height in the scale of art. Formal-looking British, and strange-looking foreigners, are spread over the canvas, in the middle whereof sits the King, with a direction of the general expression towards him which marks him rather than any importance attached to himself. The girls with the flowers, are all in white satin, curiously painted, dingy, ill-favoured, and theatrically common-place. It is libellously whispered of the Fair of Bristol, (the Artist's native city) that they are far from being handsome, and we lament that all his women in this work countenance the scandalous insinuation. The prevailing tone is dirty; more like school-boys' water colours at eighteen-pence per box, than rich and capable oils.

No. 75. View near Windsor: Eton side, —94. The Interesting Paragraph. *W. Ingalton.* The Vestry of this Artist, in last year's Exhibition, is still fresh in our memory, and our readers may recollect that its merits were observed upon at some length. We principally endeavoured to point out the claims Mr. I. had to consideration, and the promise afforded of his future success in the essential requisites of character and expression. In the ‘Interesting Paragraph,’ we have an instance of the vacillating nature of Art, and how often

extremes are resorted to, till experience and judgment fix the system. Our passing hint on the preceding performance, was the palpable avoidance of positive colour; in the instance under notice, we have nothing else, and so entirely has the Artist gone into this display, that every article in the picture seems as if it were just made—the stool and benches fresh from the hands of the joiner, the utensils just bought, and the clothes not three hours from the tailor's shop. Nay, the men are almost as newly made as the things about them. The subject is English, upon a Flemish plan, and too much is occupied with pots and pans. The drawing of the figures and their perspective situations are bad, and had not the Vestry given us a very different opinion of the abilities of this Artist, we should not have wasted a remark on his *Paraglyph*, which we do not find *Interesting*. But we trust these remarks will teach him to think of combining excellencies, rather than of flying to opposites. There is much of good in his pencil, and it should not be thrown away upon a show of colours which ought to be subordinate to that he was, as we have said, before master of—character and expression. In 75, there is a vivacity and freshness of colouring which is not out of its place, and the view is, upon the whole, very pleasing.

No. 101. Taking out the Thorn. *Wm. Kidd*. Though not so carefully executed as the very able performance of this rising Artist (the Poacher Detected) at the Royal Academy last year, there is still sufficient merit in this work to confirm our favourable augury touching the future success of its Author. The story is well told, the characters are natural, and the light is managed with considerable taste. We shall be much disappointed if Mr. Kidd does not speedily attract a greater share of public notice than his efforts have yet obtained.

No. 102. Moliere consulting his Servant. *Fradelle*. This gentleman is a little heathenish, in having apparently no Christian name, which is the more to be regretted, as we do not imagine he will get a name by this picture. It is singular that the same subject should have occurred to two Artists in this Exhibition, but Mr. Chalon is the true Demetrius. The servant here is at hard menial work! did "*Fradelle*" think that her master consulted her at the washing tub or floor-scouring? It is besides glaringly painted, and has little desert of any kind. Two interiors, and other subjects, by the same hand, are in a rather better style.

#### MR. BRYAN'S PICTURE GALLERY.

At No. 28, Princes Street, Haymarket, there is at present a collection of Pictures under the charge of the above gentleman, whose eminence as a critic and connoisseur in the arts was long established, even previous to his excellent publication of the Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. His name was sufficient to stamp any Exhibi-

tion with a character, and we went with rather high expectations to examine this Gallery. But we were not prepared to see a treasure such as it presents—a treasure of pictures of the highest class, several of them chefs d'œuvres of the greatest masters, not in the common acceptance of the phrase, meaning merely admirable works, but literally their finest productions. Among these are a Deluge, a Landscape with Mercury and Argus, and St. Roch kneeling before the Virgin, by *Annibale Caracci*; and Bacchanals in a Landscape, by *Velasquez*. There are also in the number, forty in all, a charming Presentation in the Temple, by *Paolo Veronese*; a Sleeping Nymph, by *L. Cangiagio*, affording a superior idea of that painter, little known to us, though very corregiesque in his style; two beautiful *Carlo Maratti's*; the head of a Saint, one of the best specimens of *Andrea Sacchi*; a *Rembrandt* head; a finished picture of Figures and Game, by *Victor and Weenix*; a half-length of the Virgin, by *Guido*; a curious *Primitivo*, in which there are some passages of uncommon merit; *Murillo*, *Caravaggio*, *Vandyck*, *L. Giordano*, *Callot*, *Vanderelde*, *N. Poussin*, *Titian*, and several other celebrated as well as unknown masters.

Within the limits of one notice, such as we can assign to a single subject amidst the various topics which claim a weekly share of the *Literary Gazette*, it would be impossible for us to convey any thing like a particular idea of this superb collection. Generally we may state, that to amateurs and students it will give the utmost delight. Far above the order of ordinary Exhibitions, its principal works belong to that elevated rank which glorifies the art itself, and exalts while it improves the mind of the spectator. The Deluge is perhaps the noblest production of A. Caracci in the world; a production so full of greatness and learning, that it may be perused for days together, still disclosing new claims to enthusiastic admiration. The *Velasquez* Landscape is unique of its kind, and to us charming beyond description. These two pictures alone would form a gallery of superlative attraction;—but they are surrounded by a worthy association of almost all that is sublime, touching, splendid, difficult, graceful, or enchanting, within the compass of the art.

We are informed, that with the exception of three or four, these pictures lay long (30 or 40 years) unprized in a lumber-room covered with dust and cobwebs. Their value was, however, at last discovered, and their fortunate proprietor, while he consults his own interest by submitting them to inspection, enables the lovers of painting to enjoy one of the highest gratifications that ever was offered by an Exhibition in this country.

Indicating this delicious treat to our friends who are within reach of a visit to this place, we shall from time to time in future Numbers offer such remarks on the pictures as will make them known to those at a greater distance.

#### SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY,

##### By British Artists.

We have learnt with pleasure, and we are sure it will give pleasure to the admirers of the fine arts and lovers of our native school, to learn that this charming Gallery is to be opened for the season, from the 15th of next month to the 17th of May. Besides *Hilton's Europa*, several admirable additions have been made to the collection, and some changes since last year. With perhaps two or three exceptions, we think we may congratulate the possessor of these treasures on having chefs d'œuvres of the greatest British artists; and those artists among the living whose works adorn the Gallery, on having their best productions so advantageously presented to the public eye. West, Northcote, Fuseli, Turner, can no where be contemplated under circumstances more auspicious to their fame, though here placed side by side with masterpieces of Reynolds, Wilson, Romney, Opie, Hoppner:—But we shall not anticipate the particulars of this truly patriotic and noble Exhibition.

BUST OF SHAKSPEARE, &c.—Mr. Britton informs us, that when commenting upon his Bust of Shakspeare, we were seriously mistaken in intimating that it had been copied from the monuments at Stratford and Westminster. It is, it seems, on the contrary, a faithful copy of the head of the Stratford Bust, and has nothing from the Westminster Statue, on which work of Sheemaker Mr. B. pronounces a very contemptuous opinion. We have pleasure in doing away an impression which the publisher of the Bust considers to impeach its character for authenticity as well as his own judgment; but have to notice in our defence, that we were led into the error by the indefiniteness of Mr. Britton's own advertisement, which announced the Busts of Shakspeare, Camden, and B. Jonson, "from the monumental Busts at Westminster and Stratford Church," without distinguishing that the first was taken from Stratford only, and the other two from Westminster. The Stratford monument is mentioned by Digges in his preface to the folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, 1623; and it is thus more than probable that a bust so placed by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, within seven years of the Bard's death, was a likeness from nature.

The original work is cut out of a block of stone, and was, according to the practice of the times, painted like a picture; but Mr. Malone prevailed on the clergyman at Stratford to have it done over with white lead, which provoked from a visitor the following lines in the Album kept near the tomb:

"Stranger, to whom this monument is shewn,  
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone;  
Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,  
And smears his tombstone, as he marred his plays."



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

## IN EFFIGIEM UXORIS.

Of whatever date the verses copied below may chance to be, the situation which they describe is of all ages! The expression of this worst of griefs emerges through the shades of the age of Charles II. Very few liberties (in a word changed here and there) have been taken with them.

Sweet Spirit from that lovely bondage free  
Of flux mortality,  
Free from the cares that rudely press  
The mourner, that companionless  
Must onward tread life's wilderness  
Uncheer'd by thee!

O heed'st thou where that couch of tears they strew,  
And midnight sighs,  
For him—that lonely one—that bade adieu  
With thee, to all of joy that e'er he knew?—  
For him no more of Hope's illusive hue  
Shall visions rise!

There beats the heart so cheerless and unfriended,  
That if on Joy depended  
The pulse of life, that ministry  
With thy last sigh had ceas'd to be!  
In grief's forlorn captivity  
With hope unblended.

That left me none beloved, loved by none  
(Now thou art gone!)  
Nor hath that Babe of thine the power  
To smile away the shades that lower—  
No—I must weep away the hour  
Unsooth'd alone!

## THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

From its pure Parian quarry drawn,  
The shapeless block recumbent lies;  
And there till eve from earliest dawn,  
His task the inventive Artist plies.

Slowly beneath his forming hand  
Arise the lineaments divine,  
That shall to future ages stand,  
The glory of Athena's shrine.

Ah, check thy hand!—the springs of life  
Beneath such ceaseless toil decay;  
When Health with Genius is at strife,  
Can her lov'd Son her cause betray?

No,—where her true, her native fire,  
Diffuses round its sacred flame,  
Her genuine offspring will expire,  
To spread the honours of her name.

In form and lineaments divine,  
To more than life the statue springs;  
And low before the holy shrine  
Bends Beauty's charms,—the pride of Kings.

And loud exulting voices raise  
His fame in transport to the skies,  
Who thus to their enraptur'd gaze  
Unveil'd those charms—Celestial's prize.

What are the feelings of his breast,—  
To lift that veil—those charms display?  
O favour'd mortal!—richly blest,  
This is thy glorious festal day!

Full beams his eye,—the rapture glows,  
There Genius shews her triumph bright!  
And o'er his cheek and temple flows  
The roseate blush of pure delight.

He seems no form of fragile clay,  
In silence standing thus sublime,  
No,—rather come to grace the day,—  
Some native of a heavenly clime!

As clearer glows the flame refined  
Whilst sinks the oil which fed its ray,  
So lighter springs the gifted mind  
As melts the earthly dross away!

He faints!—he falls!—the exhausted frame  
No more the lamp of life supplies;  
In the full glory of his fame,  
The blest—exulting Artist dies!

Yet mourn not thou his early fate,  
No,—wish thine own that fate to be!  
To spring in triumph, thus elate,  
At once to immortality.

## BIOGRAPHY.

PETER PINDAR.

When we mentioned the subject of Pindar's pension,\* we stated our conviction, from analogous reasoning, that it was untruly represented; and it has since occurred that we could ascertain the accuracy of our supposition on grounds the most authentic. The fact, we can pledge ourselves, was, that Dr. Wolcott proposed, through a friend, to lend his literary assistance in support of the measures of Government, at the time referred to, with the expectation of some reward for such service. He did nothing, and then claimed a remuneration for silence, and for not having continued those attacks which he had been in the habit of making. This claim was of course rejected, and he took his course accordingly.

\* See the biographical memoir of this celebrated Poet, in our two last Numbers.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

## SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. IV.

A NONDESCRIPT.

The freedom and independence of society in London, arise greatly from the non-intercourse and non-interference of neighbours. In the country your neighbour is nailed to you like a pale of a park; there is no escaping from him; he is acquainted with every dish which comes to your table, with every new dress which you put on, with your pursuits, your haunts, your difficulties, and your pleasures. Were this so in town, there would be no going on; but the reverse is so much the case, that a next-door neighbour's transactions are as little known to you as the secrets of the Divan; that an eccentric gentleman, an

observer perhaps like myself, may have frequented a Coffee House for twenty years, without the landlord's being informed of either his name or abode; that an elderly beau may have a preserve in some remote part of the town half his lifetime, and yet be considered by his rib as a most faithful and exemplary husband all the while; and that a grave judge may gamble, wench, or play all sorts of juvenile tricks without being suspected of any but the most serious and saturnine habits.

This freedom from surveillance, this liberty of action, exists not only in the neighbours of a street or quarter of the metropolis, but even amongst lodgers in the same house or hotel. You may be for weeks or months in the same abode, and yet only meet by accident at last. It has often been so with myself. I once inhabited an hotel where Lord — was; and yet never stumbled on the friend of my youth, until one day, perceiving his carriage at the door, and knowing the arms on it, I asked one of the footmen who my Lord visited in the Hotel, and then learnt that we had long been inmates of the same place.

In this way, I was next room lodger to an individual even whose sex I did not know for a month. This lodger kept bad hours, but otherwise had nothing to lead me to discover that the room was inhabited; the day being devoted to sleep and the night being passed abroad. I occasionally heard the voices of a male and of a female attendant; but the lodger spoke so low that no sound escaped through the partition. I understood that it (for its gender was as yet neuter to me,) took lessons of waltzing, and twice I heard it strum on a mandolino. It always took its tea in bed, and its appetite must be delicate, for I once saw a brace of larks, and another time a sweet-bread, served up for its supper. Its apartments were so perfumed, that I was almost suffocated each time that its door was opened; and I met its footman on the stairs loaded with scents, washes, and cosmetics. Empty bottles which had contained rose, lavender, and elder-flower water, were always lying about; and I thrice espied a pot of rouge on its dressing table, by the side of some false hair and some huile antique. "A lady," cried I, "to a certainty." This idea was confirmed by the quantity of Novels which were brought for it to read, and by its sleeping with a favourite poodle dog. A visit from a money-lender, one from a bailiff, and one from an attorney, added to the late

hours which it kept, and the great custom which it gave to a neighbouring jeweller, made me think that this must be a most extravagant woman. Rings, opera and quizzing glasses, gaudy purses, and diamond pins, were increasing daily. Another certain mark of feminine gender was, that its washerwoman would stop taking directions for hours, that its toilette occupied half a day, and that I overheard it say once, You have not put half starch enough in this muslin.—The sentence was broken, and I gathered no more.

Another day I heard it say, "Sew a couple of strings to this, and give me my stays." My opinion was of course now confirmed. What a dissipated wretch she must be! said I to myself. "D—n you, you have broke my lace," it lisped out just at this moment, with as much gentleness as if it had been reading a novel.

The next day I saw a glass of brandy brought up to its bed-room. Worse and worse, thought I. An abandoned woman, certainly! The duns increased greatly; but the servant whispered so low that I never heard its name. I was resolved, however, to ask the waiter. I did so; but whether he did not hear me, or did not heed me, I know not: he waived the question.

It now fell sick, and was denied to every body. "Gone in the country," its valet answered to all inquiries. She drinks, and keeps bad hours! thought I. I don't much like her for a neighbour. The mandolinos and novels were now the only resources under embargo; as also perfuming, and playing with the dog. It took opium at night too, a common trick with hard-living ladies.—But I was resolved to get a peep at this mysterious thing.

On a Sunday, about four P.M. a fair opportunity offered. It had been dressing since noon; and I had heard nail brushes, hair brushes, tooth brushes, oils, unguents, sweet waters, paint, patches, and boddice, all called for. It whispered, "Get me a coach; I shan't be home all night." The door opened;—the dog preceded the figure;—I placed myself in a convenient situation:—a small round hat first presented itself.—She's in a riding habit, thought I.—But to my utter confusion and amazement!—a tall thin thing, pinched in at the middle like an hour-glass, its head lost in cravat, and as stiff as a pikestaff, appeared. It was the semblance of a man. Can it be a woman in disguise? thought I. But I watched it to the coach; and heard its

servant say to an inquiring friend—My master won't be home to-day.

I at first considered this nondescript as unique in its species; but a longer residence at the Hotel procured me an opportunity of seeing many copies. I was moreover told that the thing was quite a prototype of fashion, much received, and, as the Waiter said, much looked up to by the young men of high style.—And, added I, looked down upon by every man of sense.—So contemptible a concern (to use its own phrase) I had never seen before. The copies, however, have increased so much since my observations were made, that they have lost the attraction of novelty to all the world, which their model at first possessed for

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

### THE DRAMA.

THE HEROINE, OR A DAUGHTER'S COURAGE.—Those who can relish melo-dramas will, we imagine, have little or no fault to find with this new affair at Drury Lane, for it possesses a tolerable share of the improbabilities, of the absurdities, and of all the other disqualifications of the genus to which it belongs. Nature is as much out of the question as she ought to be in such cases; and nobody can complain of a murderer's entering, a lady being in sorrow, a gentleman distressed, a monk charitable, a child playful, or a cut-throat active, without their due and proper accompaniment of trumpet, flute, oboe, fiddle, flageolet, and double bass. The plot is taken from the *Siege of Rochelle*, or rather from one of the several French pieces dramatized from it, and sheweth Eloise (Mrs. West) the current daughter of Le Noir (Rae), about to be married to St. Aubyn (H. Kemble) who has a child (fine boy) by a former wife, and a sister (Mrs. Orger,) created, as it should seem, for no other purpose but to walk about with him, as his female double, or shadow. Le Noir, to secure St. Aubyn's estates to the expected issue of his daughter, who is not his daughter, but the daughter of a quondam friend (Mr. Bengough) and some Saxon Princess, to whom it is politically needful to have children incognita, takes the very likely measure of assassinating the child on the day previous to that appointed for the marriage, and Mademoiselle Le Noir is not only a concealed witness of this dreadful act, but on an alarm being given, is charged under strong circumstances with the murder, from which she dare not exculpate herself, for fear of involving her reputed Papa. Well, the child is buried, and its father and aunt have time to erect a tomb to it, about which they weep and stand in attitudes picturesquely grievous. In the meantime, the heroine is tried at the Paris Old Bailey and cast, her defence being a very lame one—a

pity, as the judge says it is disagreeable to him to hang such a pretty and innocent looking girl. Her Confessor, however, (Mr. Powell) who had smelt a rat in the whole affair, visits her in her cell, and traces the murder to Le Noir, against whom a warrant is issued forthwith, while the lady and the monk set out on their return to the Chateau of St. Aubyn. Le Noir and his associates (Smith and Coveney) intercept them by a stratagem on the road, and carry them to a subterranean vault to be killed at leisure. Here they are found by their friends, the assassins slain, Le Noir detected, Eloise restored to her real father and true lover, and the buried child brought to life in a veritably miraculous manner, for no one who saw Mr. Smith's most villanous visage, and the knife, two inches broad, covered with its blood, and the solid monument erected over its remains, could entertain a hope of its resurrection being effected even by slow music!

There was a comic relief attempted as a set-off against all this murdering and wailing, and convicting and burying. It consisted of the exploits and witty conversation of a drunken serving man (Oxberry) and his fellows in the Butler's hall. The chief incident was the footman and the waiting maid, on hearing a knock at the door, taking fright and hiding in the coal-cellar, whence they reappeared with their clothes blackened, as if they had been tumbling among the coals. This piece of fine humour was highly relished by the more elegant portion of the audience, though a few fellows who had not fancy enough to relish the joke absolutely hissed. Oxberry's character was however amusing, and he made the most of the jests and wine put into his mouth, and of the situations into which his person was put. Nor have we any grave objection to the language of the serious dialogue: it is generally rather correct than otherwise, and the worst passage which our memory retained, was one in which the confession of the murdered murderer is related:

— These were his dying words:  
I think he'll not recover!!!

Few people do (except in melodramas) recover after uttering their dying words, for

Dogs that bark when they are dead  
Are very curious dogs indeed.

The performers did justice to their several parts. Mrs. West exerted herself much, and displayed great feeling and talent. Mr. Rae was happy in having a character of agitation, in which all his natural gaps in declaiming passed for pure passion, done on purpose. When he is disguised as a friar he should not wear gloves—such articles of dress not being used by any Order that we know; and if Friar Powell had not been as ignorant of monastic institutions as his holy brother, he would have detected his imposture by his hands, as monks in better times were wont to discover the devil by his feet. Mr. H. Kemble is such an antidote to love, that we liked him not either in scarlet nor in sable, nor in scarlet again. He excited, however, a

kind of *cross-sympathy*, that is, when he was crying, the house was like to laugh, and when he was glad, the house became dull and sad. Mrs. Orger looked as demure as she could; but was not in her element. Mr. Bengough absolutely succeeded in lashing himself into the semblance of being in earnest once, which of course marks this part as one of his chefs d'œuvre. He is really a respectable looking actor, and has, we dare say, a good judgment, but he ought not to be afraid of giving a little force to his performances, instead of going about the stage as if he were seeking a person he had lost, videlicet, himself.

The piece is said to be the work of Mr. R. Phillips, one of the company, and does seem so level with his acting, that we are rather inclined to think it his than the production of a literary gentleman of considerable talent to whom also report ascribes it, but whose name we will not discredit by coupling it with so sorry a composition. The solemn appeals to the Almighty with which it abounds, we deem impious on the stage, and such as ought to be marked by reprobation wherever they occur.

**THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—We really take blame to ourselves for not more frequently bringing our readers acquainted with the proceedings of the Minor Theatres, which deserve both notice and encouragement. At this pretty little building, we saw the other night "Rochester," which has been performed three score times, the "Actress of all Work," and a Pantomime. Rochester consists of the amours of that profligate nobleman and the Duke of Buckingham, while rusticated under a temporary disgrace with the King. It is full of disguises and plots, which are rewarded with detections and discomfitures; and as the parties never stand still, the whole is sufficiently lively and amusing. Elliston, as Rochester, in the disguise of a quack doctor, is eminently ludicrous. The Actress of All Work is an attempt of Mrs. Edwin's to imitate Mathews by appearing in several characters in order to obtain a theatrical engagement with the father of her lover, who is a country manager. As a country gawkey, a first rate London actress, a deaf old maid of 80, a literary fop, and a French dramatic lady, she displays much versatility and talent. But her disguises of person and face are not carried far enough. Her voice too betrays her occasionally in all, and it is never difficult to recognise Mrs. Edwin. This destroys the illusion: when Mathews played his actor of all works, his disguises were in some instances so perfect, that it was long before the audience could believe he was the same individual. The pantomime, Rodolph the Wolf, was excellent. Paulo is one of the best clowns we ever saw for corporeal tricks, and he was well supported by Harlequin (Guerint,) Pantaloon (Henderson,) and Lover, or Wolf (Elliot.) Miss Stevenson looked prettily as Columbine, and the tricks, as well as personal feats, were well managed.

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

## THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.

*M. Champagne, ou le Marquis malgré lui.*

The subject of this little piece is as follows:—

An old Baron awaits the arrival of a young Marquis, his intended son-in-law, and the young lady expects her future husband with still greater impatience. She loves him, though she has never seen him. In the meanwhile the uncle of the Marquis informs his old friend the Baron, that the bridegroom, wishing to see his intended wife without being known by her, has adopted the *very original* scheme of presenting himself under the disguise of a valet. The Baron is highly pleased with the joke—he promises himself much entertainment at his son-in-law's expense, and undertakes himself to direct the mystification. A servant in livery calls at the Castle. The Baron entertains no doubt that he is the Marquis. M. Champagne is introduced: he is presented to the ladies, and receives every possible mark of attention. Poor M. Champagne, amazed at the reception he experiences, wishes to come to an explanation; but they close his mouth by a thousand jokes, which he alone is unable to comprehend. He mentions his wages—they are fixed at thirty thousand francs per annum (which is the bride's fortune,) and it is even proposed that he shall receive a quarter in advance. At length he patiently resigns himself to his happiness. But there is one unlucky circumstance: the lady does not like him. She writes to her uncle, who has promised that he will prevent her ever being married against her inclination. But how is the letter to be conveyed? She entrusts it to a footman who has recently been hired at the Castle, and who is no other than the real Marquis. Under the supposition that the letter is addressed to a rival, he refuses to deliver it, and the lady, to remove his suspicions, breaks the seal and reads it to *La Fleur*. He withdraws; but in a few minutes returns again, dressed in a magnificent uniform. All is explained, and the purse which is presented to Champagne, consoles him for the loss of his mistress.

Though some marks of disapprobation were occasionally manifested, yet the piece was upon the whole favourably received. The authors are M.M. d'Artois and Leon.

## VARIETIES.

*Altona, 17th January, 1819.*

A few weeks ago, an ancient copper Medal was found in a marl pit 8 or 9 feet under ground, upon the estate of Klethkamp, in the Duchy of Holstein. An account of it may perhaps be interesting to the friends of medallist science. It is four inches in diameter, and of the time of the Emperor Heraclius, who died A. D. 641,

and is in very good preservation; almost all the inscriptions are very plain and legible. The face represents the bust of the Emperor reposing on a crescent, with his look directed upwards, a long straight beard, and wearing the Greek imperial crown. On the reverse is the Emperor dressed in the imperial mantle, holding in his left hand a cross, and in a chariot drawn by three spirited horses, which is guided by a charioteer. The circumstance that the Emperor holds a cross, leads to a conjecture that this medal was perhaps coined in commemoration of one of his great victories over the Persians, by which he recovered out of their hands the holy cross, and brought it himself into the Temple at Jerusalem. This would give a kind of meaning to the burning lamps. If this conjecture be well founded, the Medal must have been struck about the year 629, when that event happened, and would therefore be now 1189 years old.

Sackeouse, the Esquimaux, who accompanied the late Expedition to Baffin's Bay, died on the 14th, at Edinburgh.

A young French traveller, nephew of Count Mollien, Ex-Minister, has succeeded in reaching Tombuctoo, by way of Senegal. His family has just received a letter from him, in which he announces his safe arrival in that celebrated town, hitherto unknown to Europeans, and which the unfortunate Mungo Park twice vainly attempted to reach.—*French Paper.*

A smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Ballenloan, in Glenlyon, about five o'clock in the evening of the 11th instant, which was immediately followed by a tremendous gale and much snow.

A letter from St. Ubes, dated 28th Jan. says:—"Between three and four o'clock on Sunday and Monday morning, a severe shock of an earthquake was felt, and afterwards another not so violent; but no damage was done or lives lost."

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Surgeon O'Meara is, we understand, preparing his St. Helena memoirs for the press. Neither Ministers nor Opposition favour this work, and we trust the Author will therefore remember, that the only way to make the public his party and patrons, will be to stick to the most undeviating truth and impartiality, and endeavour to forget, in the historian, his personal share in many of the transactions he may record.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY.

Thursday, 18.—Thermometer from 40 to 50. Barometer from 29, 72 to 29, 86. Wind NbW. and SbW. 4.—Generally cloudy; a little sunshine in the morning. Rain fallen, 275 of an inch.



Friday, 19—Thermometer from 40 to 51.

Barometer from 29, 56 to 29, 77.

Wind SW. 3.—Cloudy till about six; when it became quite clear.

Rain fallen, 05 of an inch.

Saturday, 20—Thermometer from 31 to 48.

Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 09.

Wind SW. 4.—Clear till about five, when the clouds became general.

Two Parhelia were seen about four in the afternoon.

Sunday, 21—Thermometer from 39 to 45.

Barometer from 29, 53 to 29, 41.

Wind SW. 2.—Cloudy; rain in the morning about seven.—Rain fallen, 375 of an inch.

Monday, 22—Thermometer from 36 to 44.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 30, 15.

Wind N.E. and N.W. 1.—Generally cloudy; a little sunshine in the morning.

Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Tuesday, 23—Thermometer from 33 to 42.

Barometer from 29, 88 to 29, 62.

Wind S.E., North, and N.W. 1.—Raining heavily till noon, when the wind suddenly became North, and it cleared up gradually. The rain of this morning caused the waters to be much out.—Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Wednesday, 24—Thermometer from 29 to 36.

Barometer from 29, 76 to 29, 66.

Wind W.N. 3.—Generally clear till noon; at about three it began to snow, and snowed hard till six; at eight it was again clear.

Rain fallen, 5 of an inch.

Latitude 51.37.32. N.

Longitude 3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our esteemed correspondent Philarchon is informed that we have somehow mislaid the MS. he alludes to, but it shall be found, and dealt with as its merits seem to require.

We really meant no "insult" to the writer on the plan for effecting a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Our purpose was to shorten and insert his communication; but really we must protest against individuals challenging a special notice in our pages, which, were we to give, we should occupy a page at least weekly with intimations uninteresting to the general reader. We are not ungrateful for such favours, but their number increasing with our increasing circulation, is, in truth, so great, that we must be allowed a fair time to attend to them all.

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